

PECK'S BAD BOY WITH THE CIRCUS

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The Circus Has Bad Luck in Indian Territory—A Herd of Animals Turned Out to Graze Is Stampeded by Indians—They Go Dashing Over the Plains, and the Circus Tent Follows, Picked Up by a Cyclone.

No more horse racing for this circus.

The managers held a meeting at Guthrie, Okla., after we had lost our money horse racing with the Indians, and pa said the consensus of opinion was that we better stick to the legitimate show business, and not try to work in any side lines. Pa says he made a speech at the managers' meeting, in which he showed that the business man who attended strictly to the

in perfect peace, in this new country. The animals that we thought would stand without hitching like the elephants, were cared for by their attendants, but the animals that might wander from their own stables, were picked out, or held by long ropes, the deer, the buffalo, the zebras, the sacred cattle, the elk, the yaks, the camels and that kind, were tied with long lariats, and held by the men detailed by the managers. For a couple of hours the animals just gorged themselves, after they had kicked up their heels a spell and rolled in the grass. Then one of the elephants got up on his hind feet and held up two toes, like boys in school hold up two fingers when they want to go in swimming, and the elephant started for a creek and went in the water, and the whole herd followed, and they splattered each other, and ducked and rolled around just like school boys. The whole population of the town, whites and Indians, came to the bank of the river to watch the fun.

Pa was holding his elk by a rope, and one of the managers had a rope around the neck of a giraffe; the treasurer and the ticket taker were leading the zebras, and everybody was busy with some kind of animal, and I had a rope around an antelope, and some of our men on horseback were herding the buffaloes. It didn't seem as though anything wrong could hap-

pen. The elephants wouldn't come out of the creek, so the boss canvassman went over to where there were about 500 cowboys and Indians on horseback, and asked them to ride into the creek and drive the elephants out where the rest of the animals were, on the prairie.

Ge, but that was the greatest mistake he could have made. The men on horseback didn't want any better fun, so they made a charge, in line of battle, just like Sheridan's cavalry, down the bank, into the creek, yelling and waving lariats ropes, and snapping whips and the elephants got out of that creek in a hurry. The cowboys threw lassoes over the hind feet of the elephants, and tried to hold them, and the elephants bellowed, and dragged the cowboys and their ponies right amongst the other animals, and in about a minute, as the boss canvassman said when he came to, and they were picking the cactus thorns out of him: 'Hell was just plumb out for noon.'

The buffaloes smelled the Indians, and they started to stampede, like they

have to have my salary raised if I was expected to keep up with my antelope, but he told me where to go to get an increase of salary, some place in Arkansas—maybe Hot Springs.

Then my antelope heard the Indians and cowboys coming behind, and he got his second wind, and I never did touch the ground no more, and I must have looked like a buzzard sailing through the air. When my antelope got up to where pa was trying to keep up with his elk, I told pa he better let go his elk and get the cowboys and Indians to ride around ahead of the stampede and head them off.

Pa said he couldn't let go of his elk cause the rope was tied to his belt, but for me to hit the ground some where ahead and let go of that jack rabbit I was chasing, and tell the cowboys to head off the stampede. So when I lit again I let go the rope, and the antelope got ahead of every thing, and I wished I had bet on him.

When the cowboys and Indians got up to me I delivered the message from pa, and they divided and went around the flanks of the stampede, and in another mile they headed them off in a nice pasture, and kept riding around the animals so they couldn't get away. They soon had the whole bunch under control, and we all got together to see if anybody was hurt.

Well, pa was the worst sight of all. If his belt had broke he never would have lost his pants, cause more than a million cactus thorns had gone through and pinned them on. We had to cut them off, and pull out the thorns with pincers, one at a time, and pa yelling murder for every thorn. The boss canvassman was in the same fix and everybody that tried to hold an animal was pinned together with thorns, and they had gravel up their trousers from sticking their heels into the soil.

Everybody was mad, and they threatened to lynch pa when they got back to the tent for suggesting letting the animals out to graze. We started back to town, the cowboys and Indians driving the animals, and the zebras and giraffes kicking up and acting as though they had got out of school or account of the death of a dear teacher like schoolboys.

Before we got to town a wind came up so strong that we had to walk edge wise to go against it, and finally we met the tent coming out to meet us cause a cyclone had taken it bodily and was blowing it all over the prairie. And when we got to town the animals in the cages, that can't eat grass, were having an indignation meeting, and howling awful.

Pa was the first man to get back to the lot, and he asked me what I thought he better do, and I told him he better get in the porcupine cage, cause he looked, with the cactus thorns sticking out of him like the father of all porcupines. He said I thought I was smart, and he asked me if I was hurt any, and I told him all I could find was a stone bruise on my spine, where I struck a prairie dog house.

Well, we got the animals into a lively barn, and it took us almost the whole week to have the tent hauled back and sewed together, and we had to pay the cowboys and Indians more than the animals were worth to bring them back, and let them into the show free. The managers had a meeting and resolved to get out of the Indian Territory and into Kansas just as quick as possible.

FOUND AFTER FIFTY YEARS
Girl Who Wandered from New York at Age of Six Discovered in the West.

Albuquerque, N. M.—Hester Ann Alexander Smith, for 50 years a wanderer on the face of the earth, without a living relative known to her, has just been identified as the daughter of the family of Paddocks, wealthy farmers living near Warwick, N. Y., who for half a century have been looking in vain for the missing daughter.

The story of Mrs. Smith's wanderings is a good deal stranger than fiction. Fifty years ago, while a child of six years, she followed a wandering hand organ man away from her home one morning. The hand organ man had a monkey and, attracted by the antics of the animal, the child followed on and on until the itinerant musician took her up and made her sing for him as he toured the country.

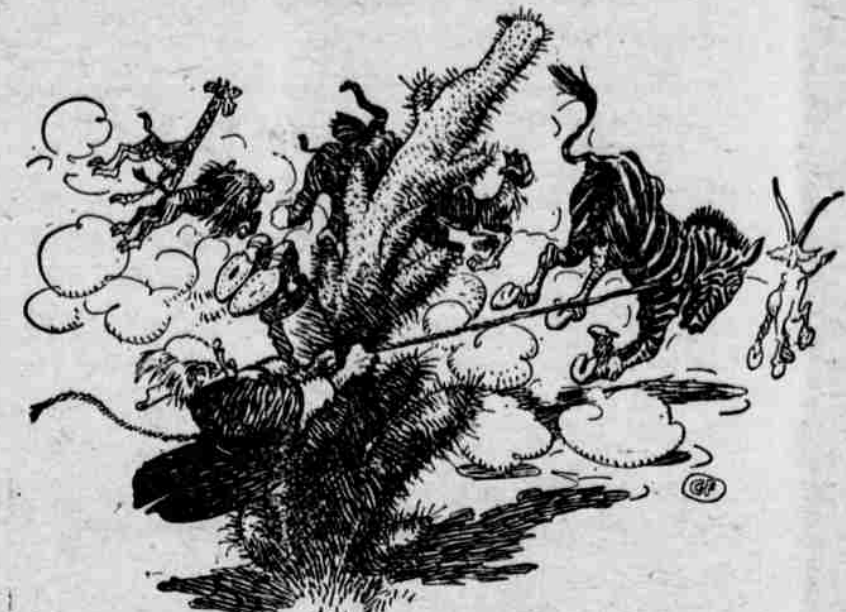
The whole country aided in the search for the child, but without result. With the hand organ man she traveled westward and finally found her way to the Pacific coast.

There she grew up, forgetting her name and the names of her relatives and only retaining a dim memory of the scenes of her birthplace.

It was this dim memory which has finally restored her to her relatives, who have never forgotten the missing child. Mrs. Smith has been twice married.

In 1884 she came with her family to Silver City, N. M., where she buried her husband and all of her four children. Feeling the years creeping on she longed for more knowledge of her own people. Three years ago she came to Albuquerque and began the search for her relatives. She advertised widely in eastern newspapers, describing the scenes as pictured on her memory of her childhood days.

The result was a letter from Thomas C. Paddock, of Vernon, N. J., her cousin, and another from her brother, James Paddock, of Warwick, N. Y., who is still living at the old homestead. Correspondence began at once and Mrs. Smith is soon to go to the home of her childhood. She learned that her parents had been dead for 25 years and that of her brothers and sisters but one was living. Her relatives in New York are wealthy and have written her that she need have no further care for the future.



The Boss Canvassman Went Into a Cactus.

business which he knew all about, would make money, while the man who knew about dry goods, but worked in a millinery store or a stock of tinware, got it in the neck. He would either get stuck on the head milliner, or buy a stock of tinware that would not hold water.

So a resolution was passed to the effect that hereafter no temptation could be great enough to get our show to go into anything outside of the business, no matter how good it looked as a get-rich-quick affair. So we gathered up our show and played a whole week in Oklahoma, and had full houses all the time, and made money enough to redeem our animals that had been attached by creditors. We have paid up our debts, and we got out of Oklahoma with flying colors.

If we had gone right on to Kansas we would have shown sense, but some cowboys from the Indian Territory told pa and the other managers that if we would take the show to the Indian Territory we couldn't get cars enough to haul the money away, as the Indians had got round-shouldered and

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Dad Was Only Hitting the High Places.

how-legged carrying the money they had made grazing cattle, and the territory was full of cowboys that had money to burn, and they hadn't seen a circus since the war.

Well, it seemed a shame to go by the Indian Territory, and allow those poor Indians to break their backs carrying money around, and so we sent a carload of bill posters into the territory and billed towns that would hold us about a week, and we figured that we would clean up enough money to last us all a lifetime. I wish I didn't have to write about the result, cause we are broke up so we can't look pleasant to have our pictures taken.

It was a bright, beautiful Sunday morning that we arrived at Muskoka, and soon after daylight we had our tents pitched. As we had all day Sunday to rest, pa suggested that it would be a good idea to take all our animals that eat grass out on the grazing ground on the edge of the town and let them fill up on the nice blue grass that was knee-high all over the country. So after breakfast we detailed men to take charge of the different animals, and herd them out in the tall grass. It was a beautiful sight to see those rare animals, gathered from all over the world, eating grass together,

used to do when they lived on the plains, and all the animals followed, dragging the men who had hold of their ropes, and away we all went over a rise of ground, the zebras in the lead and the elephants fetching up the rear, the cowboys and Indians behind, yelling and ki-ing, and more than 500 Indian dogs barking.

Well, pa was the foolishest man in the lot, cause he had tied the lariats rope that he held his elk by, around his belt, and when the elk went over the hill pa was only hitting the high places, and he was yelling for me to head off his elk. But I was busy trying to keep up with my antelope, which was scared worse than any animal in the race. When the antelope and I overtook the boss canvassman, who was digging his heels into the ground trying to hold his zebra, I thought it was a good time to say something pleasant, so I said: "This is a lovely country we are passing through," but I never heard his reply, cause just then the zebra jumped over a big cactus and the boss canvassman went into it, and he stayed there, yelling for a piece of ice, while the zebras that were dragging the treasurer and the ticket taker passed us. I yelled to the treasurer and told him I should

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

Mrs. A. A. Anderson, of New York, has given \$100,000 to Columbia university to start a suitable endowment to establish a pure science course, leading to the degree of bachelor of science in Barnard college.

Chinese students in Japan cost from \$90 to \$200 a year each for maintenance, against \$600 to \$2,000 anywhere in Europe. Tokio is a natural educative center for China, by reason of geographical proximity, language facility and economy.

Upon the nomination of the Prussian ministry of education the trustees of Columbia university have appointed Dr. Hermann Schumacher, professor of political economy in the University of Bonn, to be honorary professor in Columbia university for the year 1906-7.

Rev. Dr. William Dawe has completed his work with Albion college, where he has been during the last six years and three months, having, in cooperation with President Samuel Dickie, successfully raised the debt of \$100,000, and some \$75,000 toward the endowment.

A girls' school at Singora, Siam—Malaya, was opened November 9 with 47 pupils, a number which has since increased to 63. Apart from the missionary school this is the first school for girls to be started in Siam outside Bangkok. There is no prejudice in Siam against education and there is plenty of evidence that all over the country officials and others in good positions would welcome any provision of education for their daughters. The great difficulty, of course, as also in the case of boys, is the want of trained teachers.—Bangkok Times.

Rise Liars, And Salute Your Queen Ho, All Ye Faithful Followers of Ananias GIVE EAR!

A Young Girl said to a Cooking School Teacher in New York: "If You make One Statement as False as That, All You have said about Foods is Absolutely Unreliable."

This burst of true American girl indignation was caused by the teacher saying that Grape-Nuts, the popular pre-digested food, was made of stale bread shipped in and sweetened.

The teacher colored up and changed the subject.

There is quite an assortment of traveling and stay-at-home members of the tribe of Ananias who tell their falsehoods for a variety of reasons.

In the spring it is the custom on a cattle ranch to have a "round up," and brand the cattle, so we are going to have a "round up," and brand these cattle and place them in their proper pastures.

FIRST PASTURE.

Cooking school teachers—this includes "teachers" who have applied to us for a weekly pay if they would say "something nice" about Grape-Nuts and Postum, and when we have declined to hire them to do this they get waspy and show their true colors.

This also includes "demonstrators" and "lecturers" sent out by a certain Sanitarium to sell foods made there, and these people instructed by the small-be-whiskered doctor—the head of the institution—to tell these prevarications (you can speak the stronger word if you like). This same little doctor conducts a small magazine in which there is a department of "answers to correspondents," many of the questions as well as the answers being written by the aforesaid doctor.

In this column some time ago appeared the statement: "No, we cannot recommend the use of Grape-Nuts for it is nothing but bread with glucose poured over it." Right then he showed his badge as a member of the tribe of Ananias. He may have been a member for some time before, and so he has caused these "lecturers" to descend into the ways of the tribe wherever they go.

When the young lady in New York put the "iron on" to this "teacher" and branded her right we sent \$10.00 to the girl for her pluck and bravery.

SECOND PASTURE.

Editors of "Trade" papers known as grocers' papers.

Remember, we don't put the brand on all, by any means. Only those that require it. These members of the tribe have demanded that we carry advertising in their papers and when we do not consider it advisable they institute a campaign of vituperation and slander, printing from time to time manufactured slurs on Postum or Grape-Nuts. When they go far enough we set our legal force at work and hale them to the judge to answer. If the pace has been hot enough to throw some of these "cattle" over on their backs, feet tied and "bel-lowing," do you think we should be blamed? They gambol around with tails held high and jump stiff legged with a very "cocky" air while they have full range, but when the rope is thrown over them "it's different."

Should we untie them because they bleat soft and low? Or should we put the iron on, so that people will know the brand?

Let's keep them in this pasture, anyhow.

THIRD PASTURE.

Now we come to a frisky lot, the "Labor Union" editors. You know down in Texas a weed called "Loco" is sometimes eaten by a steer and produces a derangement of the brain that makes the steer "batty" or crazy. Many of these editors are "Locoed" from hate of anyone who will not instantly obey the "demands" of a labor union, and it is the universal habit of such writers to go straight into a system of personal vilification, manufacturing any sort of falsehood through which to vent their spleen. We assert that the common citizen has a right to live and breathe air without asking permission of the labor trust and this has brought down on us the hate of these editors. When they go far enough with their libels, is it harsh for us to get judgment against them and have our lawyers watch for a chance to attach money due them from others? (For they are usually irresponsible.)

Keep your eye out for the "Locoed" editor.

Now let all these choice specimens take notice:

We will deposit one thousand or fifty thousand dollars to be covered by a like amount from them, or any one of them, and if there was ever one ounce of old bread or any other ingredient different than our selected wheat and barley with a little salt and yeast used in the making of Grape-Nuts, we will lose the money.

Our pure food factories are open at all times to visitors, and thousands pass through each month, inspecting every department and every process. Our factories are so clean that one could, with good relish, eat a meal from the floors.

The work people, both men and women, are of the highest grade in the state of Michigan, and according to the state labor reports, are the highest paid in the state for similar work.

Let us tell you exactly what you will see when you inspect the manufacture of Grape-Nuts. You will find tremendous elevators containing the choicest wheat and barley possible to buy. These grains are carried through long conveyors to grinding mills, and there converted into flour. Then the machines make selection of the proper quantities of this flour in the proper proportion and these parts are blended into a general flour which passes over to the big dough mixing machines, there water, salt and a little yeast are added and the dough kneaded the proper length of time.

Remember that previous to the barley having been ground it was passed through about one hundred hours of soaking in water, then placed on warm floors and slightly sprouted, developing the diastase in the barley, which changes the starch in the grain into a form of sugar.

Now after we have passed it into dough and it has been kneaded enough, it is molded by machinery into loaves about 18 inches long and 5 or 6 inches in diameter. It is put into this shape for convenience in second cooking.

These great loaves are sliced by machinery and the slices placed on wire trays, these trays, in turn, placed on great steel trucks, and rolled into the second ovens, each perhaps 75 or 80 feet long. There the food is subjected to a long low heat and the starch which has not been heretofore transformed is turned into a form of sugar generally known as Post Sugar. It can be seen glistening on the granules of Grape-Nuts if held toward the light, and this sugar is not poured over or put on the food as these prevaricators ignorantly assert. On the contrary the sugar exudes from the interior of each little granule during the process of manufacture, and reminds one of the little white particles of sugar that come out on the end of a hickory log after it has been sawed off and allowed to stand for a length of time.

This Post Sugar is the most digestible food known for human use. It is so perfect in its adaptability that mothers with very young infants will pour a little warm milk over two or three spoonfuls of Grape-Nuts, thus washing the sugar off from the granules and carrying it with

the milk to the bottom of the dish. Then this milk charged with Post Sugar is fed to the infants producing the most satisfactory results, for the baby has food that it can digest quickly and will go off to sleep well fed and contented.

When baby gets two or three months old it is the custom of some mothers to allow the Grape-Nuts to soak in the milk a little longer and become mushy, whereupon a little of the food can be fed in addition to the milk containing the washed off sugar.

It is by no means manufactured for a baby food, but these facts are stated as an illustration of a perfectly digestible food.

It furnishes the energy and strength for the great athletes. It is in common use by physicians in their own families and among their patients, and can be seen on the table of every first-class college in the land.

We quote from the London Lancet analysis as follows:

"The basis of nomenclature of this preparation is evidently an American pleasant, since 'Grape-Nuts' is derived solely from cereals. The preparatory process undoubtedly converts the food constituents into a much more digestible condition than in the raw cereal. This is evident from the remarkable solubility of the preparation, no less than one-half of it being soluble in cold water.

The soluble part contains chiefly dextrin and no starch. In appearance 'Grape-Nuts' resembles fried bread-crumbs. The grains are brown and crisp, with a pleasant taste not unlike slightly burnt malt. According to our analysis the following is the composition of 'Grape-Nuts': Moisture, 6.02 per cent; mineral matter, 2.01 per cent; fat, 1.60 per cent; proteins, 15.00 per cent; soluble carbohydrates, etc., 49.40 per cent; and unaltered carbohydrates (insoluble), 25.97 per cent. The features worthy of note in this analysis are the excellent proportion of protein, mineral matters, and soluble carbohydrates per cent. The mineral matter was rich in phosphoric acid. 'Grape-Nuts' is described as a brain and nerve food, whatever that may be. Our analysis, at any rate, shows that it is a nutritive of a high order, since it contains the constituents of a complete food in very satisfactory and rich proportion and in an easily assimilable state."

An analysis made by the Canadian Government some time ago shows that Grape-Nuts contains nearly ten times the digestible elements contained in ordinary cereals, and foods, and nearly twice the amount contained in any other food analyzed.

The analysis is familiar to practically every successful physician in America and London.

We print this statement in order that the public may know the exact facts upon which we stake our honor and will back it with any amount of money that any person or corporation will put up.

We propose to follow some of these choice specimens of the tribe of Ananias. When you hear a cooking school teacher or any other person assert that either Postum or Grape-Nuts are made of any other ingredients than those printed on the packages and as we say they are made, send us the name and address, also name of two or three witnesses, and if the evidence is clear enough to get a judgment we will right that wrong quickly.

Our business has always been conducted on as high a grade of human intelligence as we are capable of, and we propose to clear the deck of these prevaricators and liars whenever and wherever they can be found.

Attention is again called to the general and broad invitation to visitors to go through our works, where they will be shown the most minute process and device in order that they may understand how pure and clean and wholesome Grape-Nuts and Postum are.

There is an old saying among business men that there is some chance to train a fool, but there is no room for a liar, for you never can tell where you are, and we hereby serve notice on all the members of this ancient tribe of Ananias that they may follow their calling in other lines, but when they put forth their lies about Grape-Nuts and Postum, we propose to give them an opportunity to answer to the proper authorities.

The New York girl wisely said that if a person would lie about one item, it brands the whole discourse as absolutely unreliable.

Keep your iron ready and brand these "mavericks" whenever you find them running loose.

"There's a Reason" for

Grape-Nuts and Postum